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POKER AND HORSE-PLAYING TIPS

Here are two more examples. When playing draw poker, if you have a pair and a single ace, do you draw two or three cards? Sure, you've seen most people (and yourself probably included) keep the ace or a "kicker" and draw only 2 cards in the hope of making two pairs or "Aces Up." Now here's the correct way to play the hand. 75% of the time it is wiser to draw 3 cards. By taking 3, you greatly increase your chances of making trips, which is much superior to two pairs. The exception to the rule is explained in detail (along with "winning tells" for 5- and 7-card stud) in "GAMBLING FOR PROFIT." Are you a horse player . . . either "Flat" or "Trotter"? If so, beware of favorites; they only win 1 out of 3 races and pay off at an average of 1 1/2 to 1. All there add, you'll go broke in no time at all. However, there is an almost sure-fire method of making favorite pay off for you. It's completely explained in "GAMBLING FOR PROFIT" along with more than 35 "DO'S & DON'TS" in betting horses, how to spot "long-shots" that win, plus many other systems for "beating" the horse.

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MEN'S FICTION / Michael Zury

THE DOWNHILL RIDE OF FEARLESS JOE FORTY

YOU CAN RUN
FROM TIME A
A HUNDRED MILE
AN HOUR
YOU CAN RUN
BUT YOU CAN'T HIDE



Like a horse fly, Joe Forty meandered through the east-bound traffic on Santa Monica, riding his machine in the mood of a combat pilot, a conquistador, the fastest gun in the West, Superman. His tight lips advertised that he was daring, fearless, dangerous.

Spurned for nrv, among other unwanted facts, was the fact that he was forty-two years old, nineteen years married, and ten years a father. A hell of a note for a boy who was twenty at heart, who by rights should have remained twenty indefinitely if not forever, who was being cheated by time; a hell of a note that he, Herman

Bleeker, was called Joe Forty by his machine-riding gang whose ages ranged from seventeen to twenty-four.

Joe Forty, alone but heading for the meeting place, straddled his motorcycle with black-clad legs. His jacket was black too, brass-studded with fringed sleeves and chain loops. His broad belt's ruby and amber insets flashed sudden flame in the sunlight. He wore a white crash helmet.

Anybody could see that Joe Forty was no micky-mouse.

Joe spotted a cream convertible up ahead full of young stuff, three shining blondes in the front seat. Joe swung his handlebars and the motor-

cycle dipped, streaming sound, wooing to be heard, curving left around a sedan, pushing down the white center-line between the two opposed fast traffic lanes, mekes from a tumbling bloody crash, cutting back in between the convertible's tail and the chrome humpster speeding close behind, like a sloop heeling right and left, coming upright, pacing the convertible, a wind-splitting red bolt, fit vehicle for a dauntless, fiery male. Joe Forty paced the blondes, sitting with them as though un^{al}ring, still, resolute, devil-may-care, dangerous. Joe turned his head, saw that they were watching.

(turn to page 41)





the orient SEXpress

MEN'S ARTICLE / Paul Steiner

The eyes are not the only things that are oddly slanted in the mysterious Far East.

Must Orientals be oriented right — sex-wise, that is. You'll see for yourself if you take this quick trip on the Orient Sexpress with us.

Traditional humping-off place is San Francisco, so let's start from there. Members of the local police force, preparing a pandering ruse, were upset to discover that after posing as a well-heeled businessman, luring two call girls to his hotel room and arresting them as material witnesses, their inspector took a second look at one of the girls, eloped to Reno and married her. Askul if it would affect the cop's career, the Chief of Inspectors snipped: "No. He didn't break any police department rules . . ."

Next stop Tokyo. When Sana Kikata was arrested for picking several pockets, she tearfully told the court that she had embarked on the road of crime only in order to be able to support her boy friend, his wife, and the couple's 7 children.

A canny Tokyo movie manager, who sent 1,200 pairs of black lace panties to local cabaret girls, offering them free tickets to a new picture if they showed up wearing the wispy

things, cruelly had to hire a fashion model to salvage his mishred publicity stunt when not a single girl showed up.

Pini. Hilezn Mishloka, who made a survey on what patrons to the Ginza's glittering geisha houses do there, reported that 65 per cent of them go there merely to talk business or to kill time, wisely refrained from reporting how the other 35 per cent improved the shining hours.

When Japan's first lady wrestling match was held in Tokyo, it ended abruptly when a milk bottle lunged by a young male spectator floored husky Miss Sadako Igari and sent her to a hospital. Explained the youth: "That girl was so rough I just couldn't stand to watch her."

In a black-bordered, four-column newspaper ad, one of Japan's largest milk companies offered its "humblest apologies" for filthy deaths reportedly caused by arsenic in its dried milk powder: "We are filled with a sense of black guilt . . . All we can do is to take every possible action by way of indemnification and pray for the souls of the dead . . ."

In Toyama, 27-year-old Choji Kato

put an ad in a teenage magazine, pleading for female companionship. He managed to seduce ninety-six of the girls who replied, but was arrested by police who caught on to him when they investigated the series of robberies he had committed to defray his dating expenses.

And now on to Formosa. First off, we learn that the provincial government recently turned down a request by prostitutes for permission to form a trade association. Officials ruled that brothels cannot be classified as "ordinary commercial enterprises."

In a way, Formosa's taxi-dancers didn't fare much better than the jergirls. The selection committee for the Miss China contest rejected an application from a taxi-dancer known as Pai Yun (White Cloud), informing her that the contest was open only to persons of good reputation "and taxi-dancers do not fall into this class."

And that was that!

The village chief of Shihmen appealed to the Taipei county government to provide another hull for his village. The villagers, he pointed out, have one hull, but they also have 180

(turn to page 36)



Captain John's Widow

MEN'S FICTION / Theodore Woods

There is a good reason why one species of spider is called the Black Widow.

Old Captain John Rogers is dead, and it's nobody else's business what his young widow makes of her life. She kept the marriage bargain with him, kept it with imagination and a sort of grim humor. I don't blame her for that. After her husband practically invited Knives Petten to seduce her, she should receive the benefit of any doubt. And she hasn't bought herself a lover as a lot of people predicted. I think that's in her favor. Still, many folks around Tampa think that what she did is even worse.

Captain John Rogers wasn't his real name. I've changed it out of respect for his family, but if you're a seafaring man from the East Coast, you'll know who I'm talking about. That's why I'm writing this. I want all Captain John's shipmates to know
(turn to 67)



CARTOCCIO









Un cartucciu, signorrs, is an Italian
firerarker. It is piccolo — small — but
powerful. There are all kinds, with names
like torprda, piuwheel, skyrocket,
cannn cracker, cherry bomb . . .

But here is un cartucciu Sirilinnu with the
innocent-sounding name of Ada Colaci. She
is picciutu, sì, hut powerful in her fashion.
She is perky, playful and passionate as well
— only natural in a girl who hails from
the fabled island of cundettas and handitti.

We raur upon her disputing herself like
a water sprite in the gentle surf of the Straits
of Messina — where some of these pictures
were taken. Then we accompanied her
inland to the micestral estate — where
the other pictures were made.

Uninshut and uninhibited as any pagan
island goddess, the petite Signorina Colaci
posed and preened prettily for our cameras.

But, wise in the ways of Sicily, we took
care not to get any closer than the focal
length of our lens. Just as we would think
twice before grasping a lighted fireracker,
so we restrained the urge to clasp this little
cartucciu. A Sirilian girl may be seemingly













as naked as a pasta noodle, but she can always unsheathe a needle-sharp stiletto from somewhere. And if she doesn't, her hawk-eyed male relatives assuredly will.

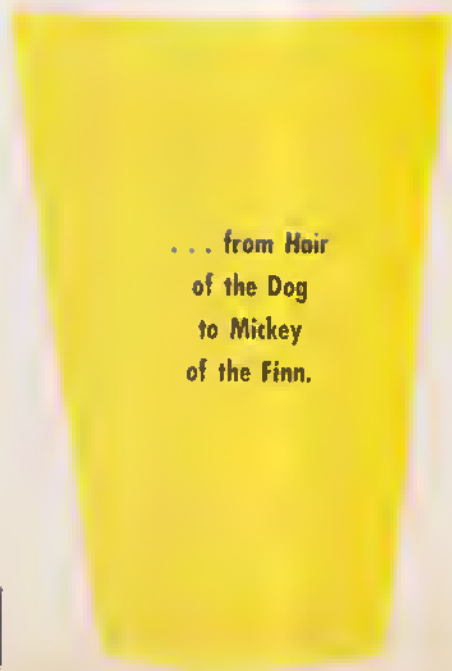
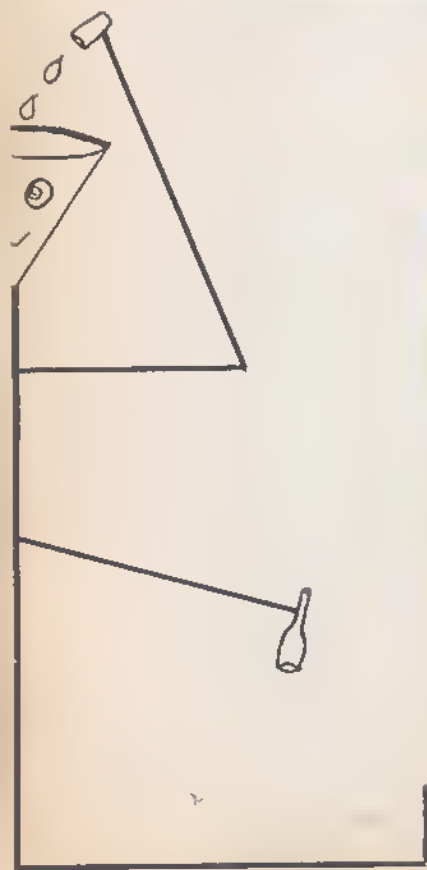
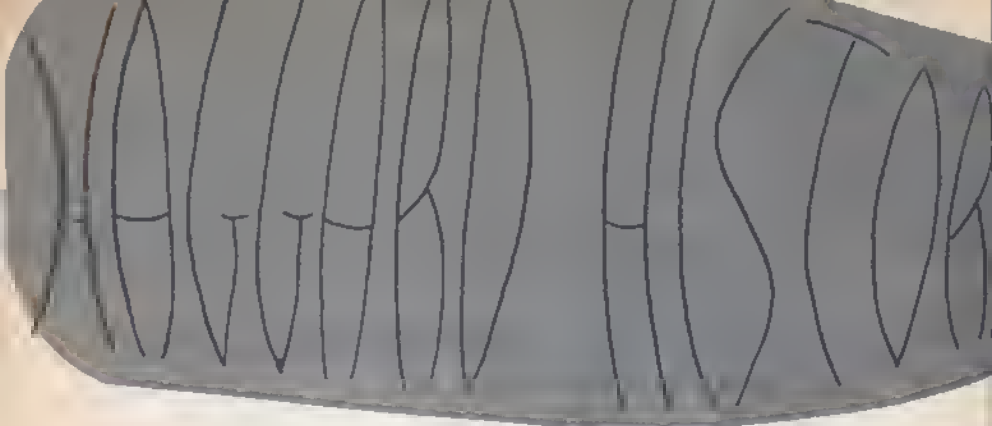
The notion of abduction came to our minds: whisk her away with us to New York or Hollywood, and the even more appreciative cameras of the high-fashion and movie worlds. But no, grazie, Aida proclaimed herself quite happy in her island home — with the serene mountains and rolling fields, the weathered stones and the murmuring sea. She has no appetite for the bright lights, or for disclosing her beauty to any but the rarefying wind and soft Sicilian sun.

We must leave her there, though it pains us to think of the loss this meant to the world beyond the Mediterranean. The world outside, we knew, could always use the gairty, spontaneity and sparkle of one more festive firecracker. And this one — well, we've seen few other girls who could hold a Roman candle to her.

So we contented ourselves with feasting our eyes through the Rollei viewglass, and thus are enabled to share our find with you. Piccolo she may be, but we consider Signorina Aida a discovery meraviglioso. And, as you can see, signor, she is piccolo only in stature. In all other respects, she is perfecta.







... from Hair
of the Dog
to Mickey
of the Finn.

RY OF THE HANGO

VER



MEN'S ARTICLE Harry Schreiner

Mother-in-law jokes are second only to hangover gags in the United States. The former are always good for a laugh, but the latter get yocks only if the listener isn't one of the 75,000,000 Americans who have at one time or another suffered from a hangover. It's surprising how little the public knows about this Big Head Blues, cause and cure. Talk about superstitions, the hangover is riddled with them!

But before we go on, here are some facts for you to digest; there is a sure cure for the morning after the night before! Eating heavily before drink-

ing can lead to a worse hangover than quaffing on an empty stomach. Beer, glass for glass, may give you a bigger head than whiskey. Some drinks give bigger hangovers than others. Drinking additional alcohol to delay a big head can be a practical idea.

The basic cause of a hangover, according to researchers, is lack of oxygen in the brain. Alcohol acts as an anesthetic; if it isn't burned up quickly enough, it will prevent oxygen from reaching the brain cells.

The Greeks had a word for it, as described in ancient writings: "upset in stomach, loss of appetite, thirst, tremors of body, giddiness." But today's experts say all of this can be avoided if you simply refrain from drinking fusel oil.

Fusel oil???

For you imbibers who have drunk red eye, pauper's piss, and other mysterious home made concoctions, the oil bit sounds kind of hard to swallow. Who in his or her right mind would drink fusel oil? The answer is, nearly every one of you!

In the fermentation of liquor, fusel oil and other congeners are generally inevitable by-products. Vodka alone contains none of these upsteters. Gin is low in them, and bourbon is high. But gin contains oil of juniper for flavoring and that can outdo fusel oil in the hangover department.

There have been many remedies for morning-after sickness down through the ages. The Egyptians ate huge quantities of hoiled cabbage. Pliny the Elder (27-79 A.D. and B.F.O., which stands for Before Fusel Oil) recommended oyster eggs. What he ate himself is probably a different story. Today's experts recommend tomato juice, milk, vitamins, and yeast cakes, all in the hope of avoiding the consequences. It's been long known that fatty foods absorb alcohol and delay its entering the bloodstream. It'll get there eventually, but you'll have more time.

Drinking after dinner will give you lasting power. You'll be able to tilt a jug longer than anyone else, but when the hammer hits your noggin, it'll flatten you! One fallacy is that if you drink slowly you will avoid a hangover. A cocktail every two hours may be the answer — but do you call this drinking?

Some of the remedies for the morning-after sickness are worse than the stuff that put you in the predicament in the

first damn place. Imbibers swear by such queer stuff as yogurt, prairie oysters, wild lettuce leaves, wormwood extract, wild cherry tea. In the British West Indies it is believed that if you break the bottle alter emptying it, you'll break the hangover jinx. Hair of the dog may tickle you for a few hours, but when you stop quaffing, the hangover will be waiting in ambush to make itself known.

Probably the worst hangover, if you could call it that, comes from a concoction called the Mickey Finn. This is never consumed knowingly. It also has an interesting history. It seems that back in the 1880's, there was a saloon owner in Chicago named Mickey Finn. Now don't jump the gun, Clyde, he didn't invent the potion — his competitor across the street did. The competition's name has been lost in the alcoholic fog of time, but instead of calling him Mr. X, let's refer to him as O'Brian.

Now, O'Brian had great admiration for Finn, but he also nurtured a deep envy. For Michael was a fine brotha of a lad who, 'tis said, was so strong he could pick himself up by the scruff of his neck and hold himself at arm's length, an old Hibernian trick. He also had a wild temper and a deep hatred for profane language, or "dirty talk" as he called it. Besides, he didn't have any liking for people who were out able to hold their grog. He was, in short, an admirable man by O'Brian's standards.

Whenever his spotless bar was loused up with loaded characters who forgot the rules, Finn, strong as any true son of Erin, would pick up the trouble-maker and flip him through the air and through the swinging doors of his establishment. If they happened to be two or three roisterers at once, Finn, rather than make a couple of trips, tossed them all at once.

Meantime, O'Brian was having his own troubles with hell-raisers, for it seems that many of those drinkers banned in Finn's place had migrated to his. But being small in stature he was seldom ever able to quiet them.

"By the Blarney Stone and all that's holy," he'd whisper to himself, "I wish I had me one of them there Mickey Finns over in me joint to beat the bejabbers outta these hoodlums." Now, as the story goes, O'Brian always kept a bottle of castor oil on the shelf, along with the Irish Whiskey,

for his health. One night an over-eager drunk leaned across the bar and seized the bottle, thinking it was drinking stuff. He tipped it up and drained half of it before the startled pub owner could say a word. O'Brian stared as an expression of quiet sadness spread over the boisterous bum's battered countenance; rumblings in his stomach sounded if the bar sink had suddenly upheaved, and, grabbing at his throat in a stranger's grip, he headed blindly through the swinging doors. He was never seen again.

The barkeep stared long and thoughtfully after the departed lush and whispered in wonderment, "I just found me somethin' more valuable than the wheel! And who am I to be so blessed?"

The next scene took place in the apothecary shop down the block as O'Brian spoke to the pharmacist, "Shay, me bhoy, wouldja be after havin' somethin' even more potent than castor oil and maybe without the taste too?"

"Certainly, sir," said the druggist, "I think you would want a preparation called erolon oil."

"But is it strong?" asked O'Brian. "Dear sir," the druggist said, "one drink would almost split an elephant in half."

"Sure and I'll buy it then."

"Drink it here, or take it with you?" the proprietor asked.

"Cushlamachree!" O'Brian yelled. "It ain't fer me, ye danged fool! You just fill this here whiskey bottle full."

Finn that day forward he was never bothered again by any troublesome drinks. One shot of the magic oil and the drinker would look sunned, worried, frightened, frantic, and make tracks for the door just as the first lad had done.

So O'Brian always used to tell his friends thereafter that he was as well off as "that guy across the street, 'tans I got me own Mickey Finn now!"

Mickey Finn lives on — as long as there are noisy inebriates and rough-house bars for them to frequent. He may not be exactly the same (some modern versions are combinations of ipecac powder or chloral hydrate) but he does the job. However, the man who discovered the potent potion is all but forgotten. May he rest in peace ... along with our last hangover.





"... one step closer and
I'll swallow this key!"

In days of old, the knights were bold
... in more ways than one. While
some knights were off waging war in
the Holy Land, the rest were home,
storming other bastions.

Matter of fact, for all parties con-
cerned, the very success or failure of
the Crusades depended on a tiny key
... and the treasures it did, or did not,
guard.

Here, Cartoonist Don Orehek presents
his version of the real battle of the
Crusades ... the battle for the Keys
to the Kingdom.

THE KEYS TO THE KINGDOM



"I'm told you're the best lock-
smith in Merrie Olde England."



"Good news, Sir! That new shipment of girls has arrived — and with spare keys, yet!"



"This one is the latest thing! Instead of a key, it has a combination lock."



"This model is going like hotcakes, sir; comes equipped with rat-trop!"



"Gee, it's hard for me to believe that you've been gone for five years."



"... and if the Missus eats too much — expansion belts!"



"After you get that opened, see what you can do for me."



"We're in luck, baby — I found this bunch of keys in your husband's old suit of armor!"



"Sire, that first Crusade you sent to the Holy Land is back, and her husband's with them!"



PIRAEUS: PARTY PORT OF PROSTITUTES

The ladies of the evening of Piraeus have a new wrinkle in hustling — with a scenario straight out of Hollywood. Goes like this:

A slick-haired, mustached soloist susses up to a prospect on the waterfront of this port city of Athens.

"You see the picture *Never On Sunday*?" he inquires.

He holds out a photo, palming it as if it were a French postcard. It's a photograph of Melina Mercouri, the slinky star of the famed movie about the sex life of a Piraeus prostitute.

"Want to go to bed with a girl from the movie?" the pimp lures.

The guy who takes up the offer is in for a sad disillusionment. The expected movie-type beauty is likely to be a far cry from the ravishing actress who became internationally known for her film portrayal of the waterfront street-walker.

But the whores, their lovers, the taxi drivers and tavern operators of Piraeus are all riding the crest of a wave of prosperity churned up by the picture's popularity.

The "oldest profession" has been thriving in this bustling Aegean port for more than 2,500 years and gives promise of continuing for several more centuries. The girls of Piraeus have played hostess to sex-hungry manners from ancient Carthage and Egypt, soldiers from Rome and Germany, and assorted tourists from every part of the world.

The current traffic of thrill seekers searching for a legendary hot nonexistent kindly whore with heart of

gold such as the film presented are merely the latest chapter in the experience of these girls of joy.

The lone male who walks at night along Filinos Street in Piraeus' Troula section has to lighten his virtue. Every doorway frames a woman ready for business, clad in a tight-fitting sweater or a loosely gathched wrapper.

She's an expert at spotting nationalities and has a very basic vocabulary in the appropriate language. In gutta English, German, French, Italian or Greek, she makes her pitch fast and fundamental. If a window-shopper so much as pauses in his stride, a quick hand is clanking his arm and he finds himself being pulled intooos.

Even if he guards his virtue through the five-block length of Filinos Street and reaches a better lighted area, he's still not safe. The "cuisines" are watching for him there. High heels clicking and level tongues imploring, they're propositioning him the moment he's within hailing distance.

Taking shelter in the nearest bar is no help either. At night each has its quota of career women eager to save wear and tear on their feet, and maybe pick up a few *ouzo* or *hirandy* in the bargain.

There's no accurate tally of the number of girls working the port city, even though police registration and regular medical examinations are required of prostitutes. Official records show there are about 300 "accredited" whores in the dock area. But that

doesn't take in what the local folk call "relugees." These are ambitious women from all over the Middle East: Turkey, Iran, Egypt, and even more remote ports of call. Many of them have been lured to Piraeus by the hazy picture of whoredom there depicted in *Never On Sunday*. Others have come just because Greece offers more economic opportunity than their own lands, where women are a dime a dozen and dimes are pretty scarce.

The resultant crowded state of the profession is easily demonstrational. Piraeus has a population of some 180,000, of whom at least five hundred are prostitutes concentrated in the waterfront area. This is easily one hundred more whores than in the next-door city of Athens with its population of nearly 1,800,000 persons.

Competition and environment, of course, reflect themselves in prices. Like everything in Greece, the cost of the merchandise is subject to bargaining. In Piraeus, a hard-headed trader who can keep himself under control long enough to negotiate can buy his entertainment for as little as 50 drachmas — approximately \$1.50 in U.S. currency. Over in Athens, the sleeker sports-model call girls who'll visit your room in a classy tourist hotel bear a price tag of about six times that: 300 drachmas or ten dollars. The asking price starts much higher, however, for Americans and Germans, the two national embodiments of wealth to most Europeans.

(turn over)

Sure way to get a laugh—ask her if she really never works on Sunday.

However, Greco-American relations suffered a terrible blow recently when the Sixth Fleet put in at Piraeus on one of its periodic friendship visits. The pimps and the girls were in a state of high anticipation as the aircraft carrier Roosevelt and its attendant vessels loomed over the horizon. They were already counting their profits before the gobs touched shore.

Constantina Daonsakis shakes her dyed blonde locks in indignation at the memory.

"Why they not tell us? All them American sailors were broke. They been already to Cyprus, Yugoslavia and Istanbul. They spend all their money before they get here. They just walk up and down and talk. They offer you cigarettes and chewing gum. Who the hell wants that? The war's over."

She spat with anger.

"The day they sail they get pay. So the French whores get all that money. That's wrong! Greece is a very poor country. American government know that. Why they bring those sailors here broke?"

Atthassios Pili has his own personal grievance against what he regards as unfair sharing of American wealth.

He pours cold water into his *ouzo* liquor and moodily watches its transparency change to cloudy white. With classic Greek delicacy, Atthassios would never refer to himself as a pimp. By gentleman's agreement, he and his fellows are "lovers" who merely accept money from their street-walker girl friends as expressions of affection.

"Me, I been a lover since I was 16," he says. "What do I get from it. Enough for a few clothes, cigarettes, some *ouzo*. That's all."

He summons over a shine boy to polish his already glistening shoes.

"That guy from Hollywood. What is his name? Dassin? He comes to Piraeus and he makes a million dollars out of just a picture about a whore. Now they're both rich. He's really a pimp, not a lover."

Despite the influx of new customers as a result of the movie, the people of Piraeus are full of complaints about the film. One leading businessman in Athens asserts:

"Greece has given civilization its greatest philosophers, poets, dramatists and artists. Yet today you mention Greece to a foreigner and he thinks of a prostitute. I wish I had

never heard of *Never On Sunday*."

The owner of a "taberna" near the fancy yacht basin on the opposite side of the port from the commercial docks echoes this attitude.

"Now everybody thinks Piraeus is nothing but drunks and whores," he grumbles. "That's not true. It's all wrong."

Behind him, inside his tavern, somebody slips a coin into the juke box and the strains of the hit song from the movie pour forth. Then you notice a freshly painted sign over the door. He has changed the name of his establishment to "The Boys of Piraeus," which is the Greek title of the song.

A veteran taxi driver is more realistic in his gripe.

"Piraeus got the reputation and Athens is making the money," he contends. "The tourists come over here to look around. They see the girls in the doorways and the taverns full of fishermen who need a slave. It does not look the way it was in the movie. So they go back to Athens and spend their money in the tourist taverns in the Plaka District. For every drachma we get here in Piraeus, they get a dollar."

Most visitors who come to Piraeus seeking a romantic and gay atmosphere are usually disappointed. The dock area lacks the charming "tabernas" they were led to expect. Those are across town near the Royal Yacht Basin well away from the red light district. The girls themselves run more to bulk than to beauty. They are generally ample in breasts, bellies and buttocks, a tribute to the Greek love of oil-rich food and plenty of it.

An Arkansas sailor calls attention to one such hefty number as she joggles down the street clenching her dressing gown around her. "Look at that," he remarks, with his eyes fixed on her vigorously bouncing rump. "Just like two hogs fighting in a sack, ain't it?"

His comment was shrewdly reinforced by the evaluation of a visiting Frenchman. "If they charged by the pound, these would be the richest prostitutes in the world," was his judgment.

There are go-getting civic boosters in Piraeus who would like to make this come true, provided they also prospered as a result. Now that the girls of Piraeus have become a tourist attraction, they'd like to capitalize on it by adding a bit of missing glamour.

They blame what they regard as outmoded laws for preventing Piraeus from seizing its golden opportunity.

Dimitris Precopion is perhaps the most enthusiastic spokesman of this group. "The law says there cannot be bordellos in which a lot of girls are employed," he reports. "If even says there can be only two prostitutes to a dwelling house. If they would change that silly law, we could open some real classy places in Piraeus. We could have a regular entertainment center. A nice taberna bar with Greek music and dancing. Good food and drinks. And lots of girls in the rooms upstairs. People would come from all over for that kind of place."

Dimitris is no let-George-do-it visionary. He's in jail right now for "test-marketing" a small-scale version of his plan. In his now padlocked cabaret he employed five attractive and compliant waitresses. When the police raided the place, none of the girls were serving drinks. They were all found nude in back rooms, providing customers with another kind of refreshment.

A popular tourist guide with a classical education and sardonic attitude strongly agrees with the ambitions of the unfortunate Precopion.

"In ancient times, Greece was famous for her courtesans," he informs you. "Men came from far away because of the beauty and sexual skills of our women. Why, some of the most famous art masterpieces of antiquity are statues of prostitutes."

At the drop of a hat, he'll march you to the National Museum to show you one of the most beautiful relief carvings in its collection. It was created in the fifth century B.C. and is the funeral urn of a courtesan. She was so lovely that the artist, in violation of all custom, has portrayed her as equal in height to the god Hermes, who is leading her into the underworld.

"If I bet you that a courtesan was the model for the Venus de Milo," the art-loving guide insists.

Since the influx of *Never on Sunday* fans, several new purveyors of culture have sprung up — mostly along the shore on the outskirts of town. Taking advantage of the talents of some of the Oriental "refugee" girls, these establishments devote themselves to the presentation of "belly dancers."

For the price of a few drinks, the

(turn to page 32)



HAIR APPARENT

MEN'S ARTICLE / Robert G. Elliott

Is today's male a Samson shorn?
Arise, and don the manly mustochel

Somebody once said (somebody's always saying) that about the only thing today's woman can't do in competition with man is to grow a mustache or beard — a statement open to question in some circuses featuring bearded ladies. Generally speaking, however mustache and beard cultivation is the one thing that separates the women from the men — if we can overlook some other pretty obvious biological factors — and with women threatening to vanquish men the way they did in Agnes DeMille's ballet *The Cage*, men in America are growing mustaches at a great rate and with renewed vigor, to make sure they look like men and not just another gang of lurchers. I am confident that the mustache is the one thing that will tilt the balance in favor of the male's taking over his rightful position as undisputed leader of the sexes. Thus I feel that an examination of this resurgence phenomenon is in order.

Our discussion will center on the mustache, rather than the beard, primarily because it is an ornament that not only allows the use of unbridled imagination in its growth and design, but also because the beard, as such is, with rare exceptions, just a beard — a pretty unimaginative, craphulous nondescript of coffee-stained steel wool which seems to imply that the wearer slums a little with some folk group, or hawks atrocious verse, written on wrapping paper, along the hstings of Bleeker Street. Not that I have a thing against that, having engaged in both enterprises myself, but the image of a wandering minstrel is scarcely one in which the nation can repose its confidence. Too, the beard has no dash, no sense of élan, no chic. It calls to mind no flights of fancy, and gives no indication that the wearer is lissed with either the diseased imagination or the molten nightmares that signal great accomplishments and imbue the wearer with the ability to think thoughts that can shape the course of the nation.

But the mustache! There is no limit to the heights of imagination to which it can ascend, particularly if the owner is invested with a sense of derring-do, and owns a mustache comb, a pair of Swedish tonsorial scissors, and sev-

eral tubes of Ed Pinaud's Pomade Hongroise, or mustache wax — to be applied with the stub of a child's toothbrush. Not only will the mustache be an artistic tour-de-force, practically trumpeting the man's maleness for all to see, but its handling can be a pretty keen index to the wearer's character, since its shape and contours can reveal more clearly than Krallt-Ebing the condition of the owner's psychological bent.

In regard to the history of the mustache, there is a good deal of tommyrot going about to the effect that the mustache was invented by Thomas Dewey — that he first hid behind one to avoid a certain Pittsburgh Phil Strauss, who was handed Dewey's contract by Murder, Inc. This is an out and out lie. The mustache was invented by Leopold Mustache, a little known member of Robin Hood's Merry Hoods, who adopted this disguise in an effort to avoid being served a summons by the Sheriff of Nottingham for poaching — since it was evidently unlawful at that time to partake of any but scrambled or fried eggs. So popular did the mustache become that its inventor, Leopold, was promptly forgotten, while it gained popularity and favor the world over, finally coming to rest in Russia, where it was promptly invented.

As to the types of mustaches — well, although the actual number of styles is limitless, certain of them have become standardized, and to aid the tyro who contemplates a mustache, but who is hesitant as to what kind he shall raise, I have drawn up a catalogue of the more popular types. While not professing that this categorization is complete, it will, nonetheless, offer a fair guide to mustachery, as I have attempted to delineate not only the standard types, but also the types who affect the types. Incidentally, the steel-engraved illustrations that accompany the text are the work of a very talented friend of mine — one Sidney Kreplach — who, in the opinion of the cognoscenti, bears a striking resemblance to Mauri Utrillo — a resemblance heightened by the fact that he has been stone drunk since the age of eleven.



THE CUTIEPIE, OR DAPPERFRUIT MODEL

Beware of this, my embryonic aficionados, for this is anathema to the virile mustacheophile. Usually fortified by eyeshadow, its devotees include gigolos, floorwalkers, saxophone players, hit players, Byron-esque romantics, dilettante sandwich men, beauty salon hairdressers, deadbeats, and those seeking to look like a pre-war Cesar Romero, who never wore this type at all. Since there is something essentially sneaky about this type of mustache wearer, it is well to avoid him when you are carrying more than \$50 in cash. And don't eross this type, as they are given to fits of hysterics and vapors — right out in public.



THE NEATRIM, OR HALF HEARTED MUSTACHE

This is a step forward from the CUTIEPIE, but still doesn't have the gusto that is necessary to achieve a bit of vinegar in the gel-np. It is mostly cultivated by part-time lops, advertising men, callow youths, Ivy League seniors, Key West sponge fishermen, embezzlers, and men who want to resemble David Niven — who never wears this type anyhow. It usually has a pasted-on look, and is heartily loathed by women, since it is too short to be sensual, and just long enough to scratch. Not for the serious mustacheophile.



THE FOURSQUARE, SQUARE TOED MUSTACHE

The type behind this type is invariably the beefy individual who is inordinately proud of his dubious English ancestry, indulges in an excess of starches, carries a coin purse and umbrella, pushes stolidly into buses and subways like an avenging behemoth, and fancies he looks like Reggie Van Gleason — who never wears a beard — ever. He wears long underwear the year 'round, yearns to retire to a gopher farm, distrusts all authority, and consistently lunches on hamburger, baked beans and french fries at the Automat. Not to be considered for avant garde soirées.



THE DALVATORE SALI, OR CONCENTRIC DECEIVER

Here we begin to soar, for this is the mustache with a *flair*. Usually affected by pizza chefs, Mafia members, Sullivan St. habitués, disgruntled poets, nihilists, deportees, anarchists, and all lunatic fringe intelligentsia. The persons affecting this type are mercenary, unstable, petulant, temperamental, and will turn on you like a gaboos viper if the whim strikes them. If you're nutty enough to bring one of these characters home, lock up your wife or mistress and your daughters, since their motto is "why not now — right here, Luigi?"



THE UNIVERSAL, NEBBISH, OR HUMDRUM MUSTACHE

This is about the most universal type, being affected by Liverpool dock workers, Birmese daoists, De, Petrie, Inspector Lestrade, Baker Street Regulars, Reykjavik herring schmoltzers, Colombia coffee roasters, and William Saroyan, who doesn't. Supporters of this adornment are prone to linger in saloons on payday, subsist on salmon salad and buttermilk, default in their utility bill payments, and in general seek the cloak of anonymity. They're always the man on the edge of the crowd who can't quite catch a glimpse of the corpse, and are totally undistinguished.



THE PATAPHYSICAL AMBUSH

This one spells danger. Avoid the wearers of these as you would the plague. They are always psychopathic personalities, poscurs, scalawags, knaves, scoundrels, flaneurs, wretches, rowdies, bullies, scapegraces, blackguards, loafers, sneaks, impostors, ne'er-do-wells, and all-around rascallions. Born with gross character defects, they are absolutely unreliable, they will chisel your last pennny whilst seducing your wife, they will steal your shoes, cuckold

your sister's husband, jump bail, abandon ship, and sell their country down the river for one promise from a 'hoor's kohled eyes. A look at the accompanying illustration will . . . MY GOD! IT'S LITTLE ME!

Well, now that the cat's out of the bag (and while I'm still out of the pokey) I must admit that I *do* have a mustache of sorts, and in the twenty-five years I have sported it, I have gone through every phase of mustache-type, finally settling on the ramshackle design I affect because of some arrangement of the planets in my zodiac — or something in my mentality, as some nut of a doctor said. I first grew it in art school, when some slightly female from the Main Line told me I looked like Edgar Degas without one, and if I grew one, she would look favorably on my advances. Well, I grew one, I advanced, she met me, and I left school at the end of my third year to beat a paternity rap, sloshing about in the Malto Grosso until my by-blow blew over, via an adoption agency.

Being a sometime horn player, I then joined a motley crew forming a territory band, and played some of the dreariest dance halls in America on an abortive tour that stretched from Atlantic City to Miami to New Orleans to Stockton, California and return — riding blind baggage. Cast adrift, and my mustache taking on shape, I fell into a series of jobs, all of which I got because of the fact that I *had* a mustache.

As the years progressed, I noticed that my mustache gave me entree into otherwise verboten circles, particularly if I affected hawking coats and espadrilles (not together) along with a stiffly waxed military bush, and I shall never henceforth be without one. At this point, let me say emphatically that once you have a mustache, *keep it* under all circumstances. I learned this lesson the hard way when once in a drunken rage, or stupor, I shaved mine off, and the results were terrifying — as well as nauseating. I not only looked stark naked but I *felt* naked, and I became a total stranger to friends of long standing. I remember that I was

(turn to 36)



A MOVIE OF REAL HA-HA HORROR—
FROM COMMUNIST YUGOSLAVIA, YET!

SEX COMES TO SPIDER ISLAND

MEN'S PREVIEW

Yugoslavia is a raggy lion curtain country never particularly noted for its happy atmosphere nor its people's sense of humor. However, the dark national temperament may be lightened considerably by the recent showing of the very first "horror movin'" to be filmed within its borders. If the Yugoslavs don't laugh at this thing, we might as well give 'em back to Russia.

The so-called chiller-thriller, entitled *Horris of Spider Island*, is the brainchild of an expatriate American producer named John Horris, who talked Tito into establishing a film industry in Yugoslavia. How Horris talked him into sponsoring *Spider Island*, with his tongue so obviously in cheek, is a puzzle. Whatever it was that convinced Tito, this film is a horror in a

way he wouldn't have foreseen. It's a hodge-podge of violence and sex that would splay Peter Lorre or Vincent Price. They'd die laughing.

Get this: one guy and six luscious maidens (more lush than luscious: the Slavs like 'em hefty) survive a sinking ship and paddlin' a raft to a desert island. Original, what?

For a while, it's Edensville, comrades — for both our lucky hero (Alex D'Arcy) and the man in the audience who'd rather ogle the gals and forget the plot (what plot?). The girls do some huge bathing in the ocean and some semi-nude buttock-bouncing in the woods — typical happy, carefree costaways in the magazine-cartoon tradition.

Hero D'Arcy (with six girls, he'd have to be a hero) has all he can do to

keep the girls from fighting among themselves for his favors. But there is a fly in the ointment, or rather, a spider in the Ednn. To the consternation of the mooned *menage-a-sept*, one of the girls is found mysteriously dead. Probably she died of mortification on seeing the first rushes of the film, but, in the story, she has fallen afoul of one of the giant spiders which overrun the island.

Comes it now: suspense, a la Hitchcockovitch. Whinn! Miss Muffet's tuffet will the spiders share next? (Actually, only one spider ever shows on the screen at a time — the Yugoslav Communist economy couldn't afford more — and it is a poor puppet of pasteboard and putty.) One by one the lovely damsels are dispatched by the monster(s) — or else they got bored and walked off the set.





The movie reaches its climax, or nadir, when D'Arcy and the last remaining girl (co-star Barbara Valentine) are cornered on a small rocky ledge of the island, surrounded by the spiders — sorry, surrounded by the spider . . .

Well, why go on? *Horrors of Spider Island* is not recommended for those with weak hearts or high blood pressure — too much laughter could be bad for them. Nor is it recommended for the nearsighted. If you can't leer at the nudie cuties, there's not much else to see. But then, it hasn't yet been released for export to this country. One wonders why. Perhaps Tito is afraid we'd cut off his Foreign Aid in retaliation.



PARTY PORT OF PROSTITUTES

(continued from page 24)

patrons enjoy a revival of an ancient art that is a far cry from the crude "couch dancers" of the old carnival midways.

To the accompaniment of exotic music, a barefooted girl suddenly springs into the spotlighted center of the floor. Her costume consists only of a few strands of beads, mostly around her wrists and ankles. In perfect cadence to the off-beat music, she begins to twitch her shoulders and her hips. Gradually, she introduces subtle refinements in the dance. With real artistry, she concentrates her movements on individual portions of her generously exposed anatomy. First, it may be only one hip which seems to have no relationship to the other as it executes a solo dance. Then the hitches demonstrate an unbelievable degree of muscular control, jiggling up and down in rhythm to the music, sometimes together, sometimes separately. Finally, she does incredible things with her breasts that a professional contortionist would envy.

The girls are generally young and attractive with superb figures. The movements are graceful and esthetic. The dance and music are strange and haunting. The whole performance is entirely satisfying and unusual. The spectator comes away with a sympathetic understanding of why the potentates of the East collected such specimens for their harems.

These belly dance cabarets have no connection with the prostitution of the port. They're watched too carefully by the police. Consequently, their entertainers are exactly that and no more.

The old tabernas of Piraeus and Athens are an entirely different kind of social center — unrelated either to the cabarets or the hangouts for business-seeking whores. The true tabernas — not those designed specifically for the tourist trade — are almost like clubs, with their own fiercely loyal patrons. Here the distinctively flavored Greek wine with its resinous tang is served from huge barrels. Most of these spots feature delicious roast meats endlessly revolved before charcoal rotisseries. Music is provided either by a juke box, or by strolling musicians who go from taberna to taberna in the neighborhood. The traditional one will not countenance twist-tunes, eha-eha-eha, or American pop music; it will have only the wail-

ing songs of Greece with their Middle Eastern overtones.

Invariably, in the course of a normal evening, one or several of the male patrons will be inspired to expression in dance. This, indeed, is almost exactly as depicted in the most popular movie ever made in Greece, although with no breaking of glasses or participation by women. The dances are slow and stately, with much squatting and arising, graceful short kicks, side and back steps. Spectators accompany the dancers by snapping of fingers or clapping of hands, occasionally even soft singing.

Despite this unique spontaneous gaiety, the stranger in such a taberna must carefully observe the formal rituals of the place or find himself in trouble. He must never pay attention to the female companion of any other customer, whether she is the girl from next door or a prostitute whom he knows intimately. While she is someone's date, she is that man's exclusive property. Her escort will take exception to the slightest interest shown in her by any other male and will defend her with the violence of a knight upholding his lady's honor.

Other possible means of offense are less obvious. For example, there is a specific sequence for the clinking together of glasses before each drink. If you should fail to clink your glass with that of everyone else at the table, you have invited a light.

On the other hand, when the proprieties are properly observed, there is no more warm-hearted or more hospitable place in the world than a Greek taberna, whether it's on sinful Filomos Street in Piraeus or in the

smallest inland village.

On Filomos Street one thing is always good for a scowling laugh. Ask one of the girls, "Is it true that you'll never do business on Sunday?" Neither religion nor sentiment interferes with the plying of their trade or the turning of a quick drachma.

One of the most scurrilous tales told about the girls of Piraeus makes this point shockingly clear. You hear it with such frequency that there must be some fire to justify so much smoke.

The story has it that a group of gay blades hit upon the scheme of smuggling one of the Filomos Street girls into a remote monastery to settle a bet. She remained there for several days before returning to her customary haunts. Behind her, she left an embarrassing epidemic of venereal disease and the residents of the refuge were subjected to the severest penitential penalties.

In an attempt to verify this story, an enterprising reporter asked a police official about it. The officer was furious at the thought.

"That's impossible!" he shouted. "It could never have happened. We have rigid inspection of all the licensed prostitutes to be sure they are not diseased. So, you see that this story can't be true."

Leaning across the table, he lowered his voice.

"Confidentially," he whispered, "the girl was from —"

He mentioned the name of another city.



"Poor guy, he had Chinese food for his last meal and now he's hungry again."

LITERARY TEASE

MEN'S HUMOR / Bill Wenzel

*The most interesting aspects of books
and their authors are very often those
which are never seen in print . . .*



*"Well, if you must know, I'm curled up with the author of
a best-seller . . ."*



"Well, I'll have to say your manuscript certainly has an intriguing title..."

"I want you two to collaborate on a book about sex, Finsey; she'll live it up and you write it up!"



"It's all about this jerk who reads night after night while his wife lies nearby burning with desire..."



"Speaking of best-sellers... I'm one... interested..."



"Tell him my do-it-yourself book is differrnt! It's strictly about sex..."



"He wrote a book about the people in his home town — they tarred and feathered him —"



"The author of 'I Love Love' is here to see you, J.B."

THE ORIENT SEXPRESS

(continued from page 7)

cows. "The situation," he argued reasonably, "is an urgent one . . ."

People in Formosa are accustomed to reading divorce notices in the papers, but they rarely see one like this item published the other Saturday: "I was married six years to Mr. Hu Ku-fang. Recently I left home, and did not carry out the duties of a wife. It seems possible that I have been unfaithful. With Mr. Hu's consent, I have obtained a divorce for him." Well, if that isn't compatibility, we don't know what is!

Before leaving Far China, we must be sure to mention this suggestion to guests issued by the Formosa Hotel Owners Association: "If there is any reason to end your life, it is always better to do so outside hotels. Suicides in hotels not only incur much expense, but also cause the management's great mental distress."

Just a quick peek into Red China. The Communist *Worker's Daily*, published in Peking, had sharp words for a man who sought a divorce on the grounds that his wife was "too revolting to look at." "In fact," the Red sheet pointed out, "this man has already been married for twenty years. Has six children — and besides, his wife is a People's Deputy!"

The people of Bali are as fun-loving as ever. From Jakarta, Indonesia, came news that elections on this island would be delayed two days because the fun-loving islanders would be in no condition to vote on the regular scheduled date. The reason: one of the merriest carousing festivals

also fell on that date, was scheduled to last two full days.

In Seoul, Korea, the Vice Minister of Education (nir-tile, that) ordered all high school teachers to give up their concubines.

In Prae, Thailand, arrested for the midnight stabbing of her darning partner, Wan Pen (Full Moon) explained wearily to police: "We'd been dancing all night to every tune the band played and I was dead tired . . ."

At Hiji Teachers Training College, authorities suspended classes after students went on strike to protest a faculty crackdown on drinking and carousing. Townspeople had complained that students were running wild and were more interested in wine and women than in studies. Besides, college officials noted, there had already been eleven pregnancies among coeds in the first semester.

In Singapore, Goh Kong Tai, a mechanic, showed up at the altar with two brides. "When I said I wanted to settle down, both wanted to marry me," he explained. "They love me so much they are even willing to be married to me at the same time." He was told to go home and think it over — alone.

Also in Singapore, the local opium treatment center proudly announced it had cured its youngest patient of a craving for the stuff — a two-year-old baby! Dr. Leong Hon Koon explained that the kid caught the habit from his mother who continually puffled a pipe and blew opium smoke into baby's face.

Now we're off to Hong Kong, just in time to see Cheng Yin brought before a magistrate for the tenth time on pickpocket charges. Cheng told the court that his wife had just had a baby, begged for another chance. The judge glanced at the records, then said: "I don't want to be disparaging to the lady, but you've been in prison for the past two years." Cheng was silent, was sentenced to ten years at hard labor.

It is also worth noting that Singapore has instituted new regulations for street crossings, legitimate crossing-places being marked by painted zebra stripes. Heretofore, local Chinese have wandered at will across busy city streets, in the belief that the cars which nearly bowled them over will instead run over the evil spirits shadowing them. With the new crossing regulations, Chinese traditionalists in the British colony fear that the evil

spirits will now have the chance to "get away."

But progress just cannot be held back forever, even on the Orient Sexpress.



HAIR APPARENT

(continued from page 27)

forced to limit a hasty retreat to Brigadier Beach, the Gobi Desert of New Jersey, and in resignation for two months until I re-grew my mustache, and today I refuse to go anywhere without it.

Of course, as the mustache grows in favor, we must also view from the disaff side, and the question arises, "What do women think of them?" Well, that depends on whether you mean "What do women think of mustaches on men?" or "What do women think of the feel of men's mustaches on them?"

Certainly the reactions will vary with the woman, but one thing I'll vouch for: no woman will ever forget being soundly kissed by a cavalier sporting a full grown mustache, even if she remembers him only for the harsh burns she will sport on her face for two weeks. Most women of my acquaintance, unless they are lying, relish being kissed by a mustachel paramour, since the distinctly odd friction generated adds a certain nameless delight to the embrace, as if she were doing something forbidden, as well as briskly stimulating the circulation of her face and neck and — well, stimulating it to a passionate pink glow. Naturally, a certain technique must be developed by both kisser and kissee, so the fair lady won't be under the impression that she is being held by a wad of Brillo, and after a few bruising attempts, the grinding, meshing process of achieving proper osculatory union can be mastered.

The French (who are a funny race) have gone to some lengths to make the mustache a veritable sex symbol. I believe that it is highly overrated in that capacity, especially if we lay aside some of the more esoteric uses to which the inflated minds of the pornographers have put it. Naturally, ribald references to the mustache will prevail, particularly when issued by those to whom the mustache is anathema — either due to

(turn to page 41)

**A blue bottle fly, drunk on
cider,**

**Made a pass at a black
widow spider.**

**This good natured bloke
Soon discovered the joke
And doubled up laughing
inside 'er.**

a message from garcia

MEN'S ARTICLE / Harry Schietner

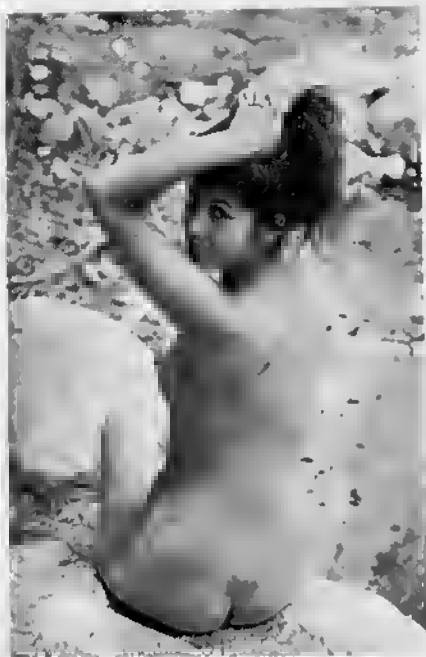
In one of the more heroic episodes of the Spanish-American War, a certain Lieutenant Andrew Rowan braved the perils of ocean, jungle, ferocious and venomous beasts, and enemy troops, to carry a vital message to General Calixte Garcia. His ordeal of perseverance has been enshrined in the English language. To carry "a message to Garcia" is to display a devotion above and beyond the call of duty.

With this preamble, we introduce here a latter-day Garcia, who carries a message of her own. Though it is conveyed without words, it inspires in all of her admirers a devotion above and beyond the call of mere beauty.

This is Mary Garcia, and she claims no kinship with the legendary general. But she commands the admiration and adoration of more loyal followers than Calixto ever did in his whole Army career. As for messages, they come to this Garcia, too. Why, her collection of beseeching valentines alone would fill General Garcia's footlocker.

Though her olive-skinned, ebony-haired, brown-eyed beauty is a heritage of her Spanish-American ancestry — her only connection with that war, by the way — Mary could easily pass for Tahitian, Javanese, even Oriental. And, as a matter of fact, she has posed in all these guises during her career as a professional model. But whatever role she plays, Mary is unquestionably something (to get back to our message theme) to write home about.



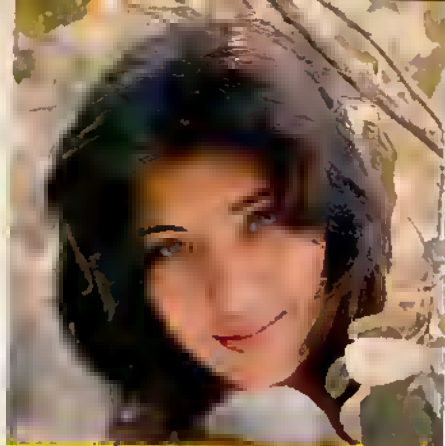


However, the most significant message associated with lovely Mary Garcia is to be found deep in her eyes. If you can tear your attention away from her distracting other attributes, look far into her burning sienna eyes, and see what you read there.

Some see enticing invitation, others impish merriment, still others unfathomable mystery. But whatever message you perceive, odds are that you'll like reading it.









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HAIR APPARENT

(continued from page 36)

reasons of cowardice, dislike of change, or general inability to wear one well. For, just as some men look awful with a pipe, some men simply cannot wear a mustache. When they attempt to, they look precisely like hastily made-up hit players, and somehow achieve a sinister, furtive look, at the same time being inclined to surreptitiously fiddle with the mustache as if afraid it will fall off momentarily — which it probably will.

There is no question that the mustache is not only here to stay, but that it is being avidly seized upon by a beleaguered manhood as the chief symbol of a new status that's a-born-in'. Just what that status is, I am not sure, but followers of Vance Packard are hip, and will act accordingly. Any person in his right mind must admit that nothing gives to a man an air of *je ne sais quoi* like a full-grown, well-groomed mustache. Even if I have shown that some pretty nowhere men can and do affect mustaches, they at least are MALE, and that is what counts today. The mustache wearer, even in one of the less desirable models, commands attention, and in his own sphere peals the undeniable ring of authority.

Not all the wiles and stratagems of womankind can do a damned thing about it, and if they try to clamp down, give them the Lysistrata treatment in reverse — no mustache for you, no hobby time for her. If she's normal, she'll come around in one hell of a hurry. If she isn't, tell her to grow one too. As the mustache wave rises, women will be consumed by raging fires of anger and jealousy as they see their spouses doing the one thing of which they are absolutely incapable, and the one thing that will mean the eventual return of the male to his natural position of dominance over the female.

So, gentlemen of the nation — up the pennons of liberty, blazoned with mustache cup sinister and pomade rampant. Charge forth to reclaim your rightful place in the world, and as you stand over prostrate womanhood, angry mustache hissing majestically in the victory-scented breeze, remember — against their grievous cries, don't wax wrath — wax your mustache!

JOE FORTY

(continued from page 5)

and grinned. They smiled. Joe's eyes flicked to the road, came back, flicked to the road, came back. They smiled and waved, alight with amusement and sex-consciousness. Joe sidled closer and, releasing the handlebar, stretched out his left hand. The adjacent blonde caught the invitation, she stretched out her own, their fingers touched, curved, tightened; rushing onward, they held hands, palm to palm.

A thrill.

But now, now, for Joe was approaching the boundary of fear. There is a line that only the special can cross, an endurance not given to all. Joe tried to withdraw his hand; the blonde wickedly held on. Joe pulled. Smiling, she held. Afraid, Joe jerked

at her, his machine wobbled, front wheel turning on its bearings towards the convertible, Joe's heart yawned wide, she let go. Joe struck down at his handlebar, found control again and straightened the machine.

Lousy broad, Joe thought, with a reflex impulse to kill.

Joe drew ahead, trailing a racket of back-fire, waved a negligent hand over his shoulder to show the girls he hadn't been scared, wove and slanted onward through the traffic.

South in Santa Monica, Ocean Park way, was a service station next in a flat lot where Joe Forty's bunch was wont to meet on week-ends. This Saturday, Joe found eight or ten machines already lined up on the lot, and a few cars. The cars had been driven in by girls who hung around with the gang. Other girls had come



"It's pretty obvious what the boys in the back room will have, Maisie. See if they're thirsty, too . . ."

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with some of the guys on their ma-
chines. They were all standing in
knots, messing around casually when
Joe parked his machine and slouched
over, keeping his face impassive now,
but feeling high, inside, that he was
one of this hard, brave, spectacular
crew, lean and quick as any twenty-
year old here.

The Baron, who was twenty-four
and head-man here, who was tall,
early blond, with glinting eyes and
a tender, mail smile, watched Joe
come over, without greeting. No
greeting from the others either. Only
a cool survey, returned by Joe. Then
the messing around continued. Mo-
cha and Fly-Wheel were throwing
mock punches at each other. Ghostly
had hold of Jasmine's buttocks, and
Jasmine was throwing the round but-
tocks like she was trying to get away,
only she wasn't. Goober, Riefel and
One-Pound were lohhing staccato,
fragmentary talk mixed with laughs,
almost incomprehensible if you were
not with it, with Nipples Nancy,
Dumh Dora, Missy Frissy and a new
girl that Joe didn't know, Frosty.
Bird-Brain and Dirty were talking
quiet and serious with The Baron
about machine mechanics, with the
other girls standing nearby, man-
conscious but restrained, knowing not
to be too flip when the talk was
machines.

Nebraska was in that group, though
a little aside.

Ah, Nebraska! Her hair was dark
and red, drawn clean at the nape, her
eyes long, clear hazel, her mouth wide
but mortal soft; her body, true-mov-
ing, with large loose hanghy breasts,
hips that were bastions inviting as-
sault. Nebraska had been The
Baron's, but of late they'd cooled, and
she hadn't yet taken on another, and
Joe had been pitching.

He went over to Nebraska now. He
ginned at her. She eyed him, cool.
"You're looking good," Joe said.

"Dear boy," Nebraska said, with a
beautiful phony smile that she
switched right off.

Joe put an arm around her waist
and slid it down to a hip. "Dirty old
man," Nebraska said, not moving
away. "Keep your hands where they
belong."

"They belong here," Joe said.

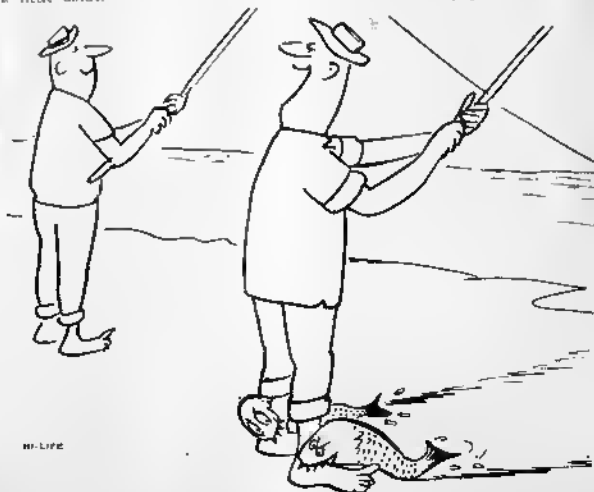
"Dirty old man," Nebraska said,
not moving away.

"Not too old," Joe said. "Just old
enough to teach you a few things.
Ain't you heard the older ones are the
best?"

"Can't you think of anything else,
but what's below the belly?" Nebraska
said indifferently, still not moving
away.

One-Pound came walking over,
looking sober. "Joe Forty," he said,
"don't fool around." One-Pound was
short, shorter than Nebraska, wiry,
with sleek fair hair and blue eyes. He

(turn to page 53)



"Cee, Fred, you know all the spots.
They're really — ouch! — biting today."



A JOY TO BEHOLD

Once upon a time, when Joy Laine first set out in the world, casting about for a career for herself, she decided to investigate her prospects in modeling. At her first interview she was brusquely told by a callous photographer that "you'll never do, with all those freckles."

Foolish man, he should have known better than to brush off a fiery redhead. The moodnik earned a resounding slap, and the modeling profession nearly lost one of its loveliest practitioners. Joy flounced out of his studio, intending to stay out of modeling forever.



She did, too, for a long time. She didn't bother pursuing any career, but occupied herself with her favorite amusements—tooling around her native Washington, D. C. in her flashy Corvette, riding to hounds in nearby Maryland on her own seventeen-hands hunter, boating and swimming at Chesapeake Bay.

It was there that Hi-Life's photographer found her one day, sunning herself in a bikini. But it was only after long, arduous and cautious persuasion (our cameraman knowing the short-fused temper of redheads) that he could lure her before a camera again.



However, once the picture-taking sessions were underway, Joy relaxed her suspicions and inhibitions and — well, you see here the results. You'll probably have to peer closely to discern any freckles — but who's looking for freckles? Anyhow, they just represent a bonus, as that much more of Joy Laine.

Joy hasn't decided yet whether she'll continue to pose professionally — that first photographer's remark still rankles. And, anyhow, she's perfectly happy being a free agent, with no appointments to keep except party invitations and dates to go out on the town.

She seldom dates the same fellow twice — it's no surprise that she can pick and choose — and has no immediate hankering for marriage. But, for the benefit of Joy's multitude of swains, we reveal here a few clues to winning her regard. Take her to the theater, to art galleries and to parties that last until the wee hours (feed her a snack of pizza somewhere along the way). Play for her semi-classical music or good jazz — no rock 'n' roll or she'll have your scalp!

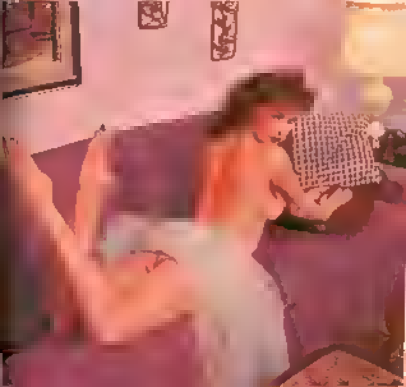
You may have a hard time, though, catching up to her to try any of these ploys. You see, when Joy isn't decorating the environs of Chesapeake Bay, she's off on a jet liner or a luxury cruise ship, traveling here and there around the world. Now this may be a boon to our country's foreign relations, but — frankly — we hate sharing our Joy.

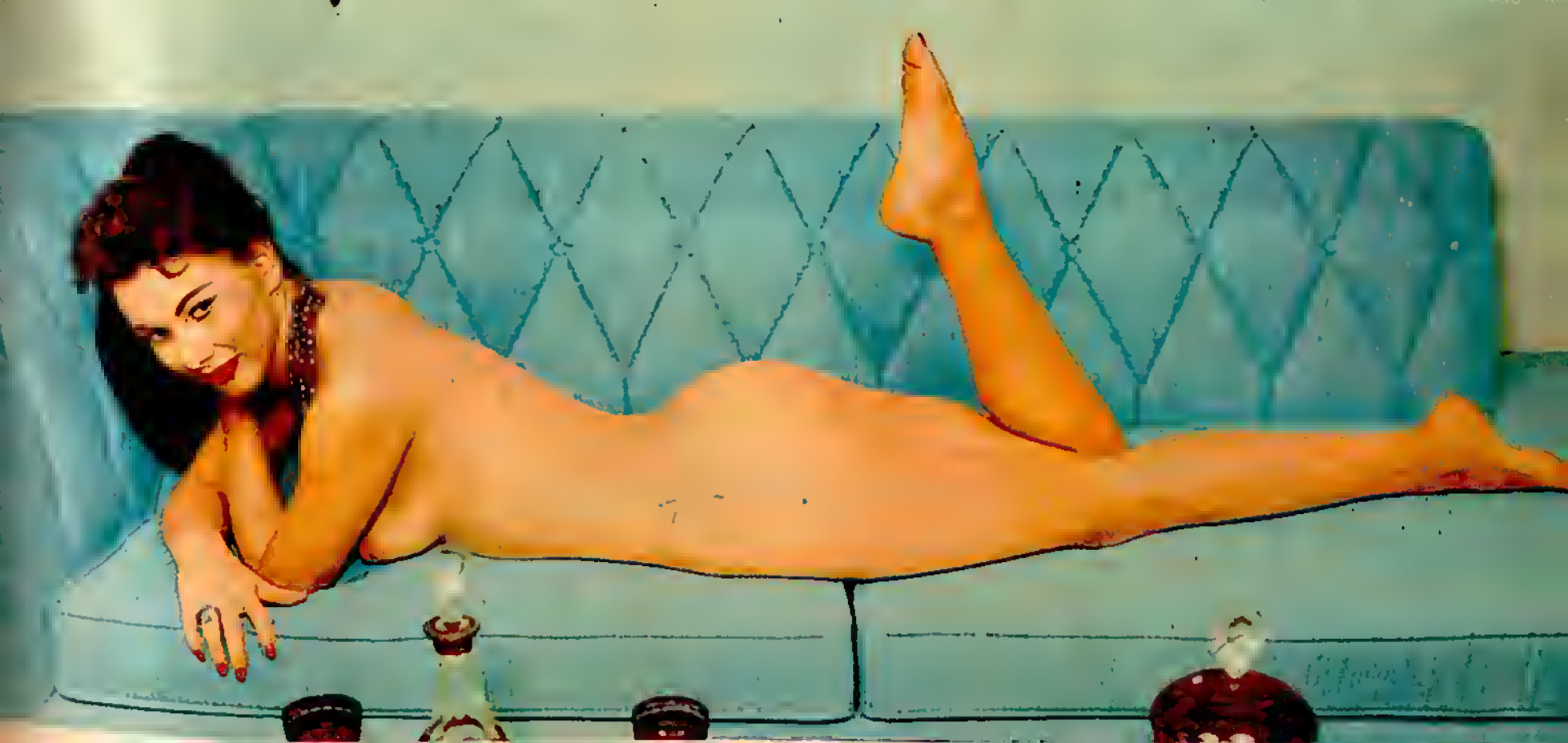


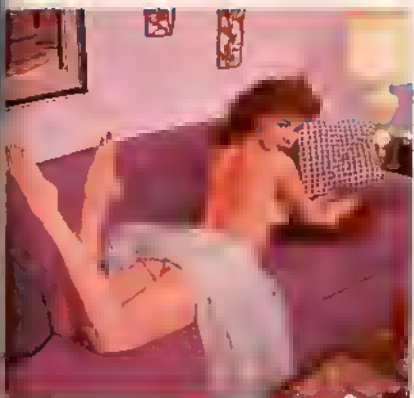















THE LAST LAUGH

MEN'S FICTION / Dick Donley

All's fair in love (unwanted)
and war (undeclared) . . .



Light, seeping around the edges of the frayed window shade, tattered off the bottle on the floor near his dangling fingers, tickling at his eyes, irritating him. Sleepily, Burns tried to avoid it by rolling over; creviling, fully awake, at the sight of what lay in bed beside him. He thrust back a soiled sheet and stood up, this effort setting rockets off in his head, and forcing a low, moan of "Mercy!"

He dressed with as much haste as he could under the circumstances. Confirming the presence of his billfold with a slap of his hand, he tiptoed from the room, opening and closing the door softly, deliberately refraining from another look at his bed partner.

A muzzy recollection of bleached frizzy hair, fat white legs, and a high pitched giggle would be memory enough to last him for some time. Ye gods, what an fillet he was. What on earth had made him get tangled up in this . . . That damned howling alley, he thought. If only he hadn't gone howling . . .

"Kellogg's the name," the brrfy guy on the other side of the hall return had said, extending a persquing
(turn over)

hand. "Carry a rotten 135 average and I hate this lousy game. How about you?"

Annoyed by the interruption — he'd been trying to concentrate on his spot — he halfheartedly shook hands.

"Jack," he mumbled. "I'm Jack . . ."

"Well, howdy, Jackie! Wanta pair up an' bowl on both alleys?"

He detected people who called him Jackie. "No, I . . ."

"Aw, erap. C'mon. Call me Charlie. Say, here's my card!"

Burns took the proffered crumpled bit of cardboard, and read:

CHARLES W. KELLOGG, ESQ.

Wheeler, Dealer, and

Fanny Feeler

over

Reluctantly, he turned the battered card:

"IF YOU HAD ANY LAST
NIGHT, SMILE!"

He forced a grin.

Charlie was beside himself. "Whatzit say, Jackie? Whatzit say?"

Several sets of heads turned curiously toward Charlie's bull voice. Burns reddened and shrugged.

"C'mon, man. This is a gasser. Whatzit say?"

"It — ah — it — forget it!"

"Ah, no. C'mon. c'mon. Hey, awright — get this now. It says — if you had any last night, smile! How about that? Y'all saw him grin, too, right? Hey, Jackie, your old lady know about this? Okay, okay — lemme prove it. If you got any, this is a strike."

Kellogg thundered down the approach, fouling sloppily in the process. The ball curved heavily to the Brooklyn side but carried all ten pins nevertheless. "See what I mean? Hey, looks, we got a real lover here! Proved it twice. How about that, Jackie?"

Burns clenched his teeth. "Don't call me Jackie!"

"Okay, yet. Don't get the reds at ol' Charl. C'mon. Lemme see your form, Jackie — I mean buddy-o."

Good grief! What had he done to deserve this guy? But, grabbing his ball off the rack, he tried to think about knocking down pins. Short step — long step — long step — glide — "Seven year itch!" Kellogg's haritone boomed across the alley.

Burns faltered at the approach, his interrupted delivery almost upending him. He fought for balance and mentally cursed the earlier quarrel with

his wife which had resulted in his being in this stinking situation.

"The seven year itch is a sunnabitch! How about that, Jackie."

He counted slowly to ten. "Kellogg . . ."

"Can the Kellogg, man, Charlie! I got the seven year itch, and what the hell'm I doin' in a bowlin' alley? You got it, too, right? Written all over your face. Fight with the ol' lady, right? Beteln bottom . . ."

A couple of kids near them giggled at each other, and an old harridan sitting behind them snorted to herself.

"Listen, damn it . . ."

Furious, spluttering, he tried to put the ball on the rack, attempting to stare down the smirking Kellogg at the same time. The ball teetered on the edge of the return, then rolled off, falling with a heavy thud on the alley, narrowly missing his toe. As he stooped to retrieve it, Kellogg nudged him on the shoulder with a heavy foot, and he sprawled backward on the approach.

"Crazy, man, but don't just sit there. Get up and get with it. C'mon . . ."

He came up seeing red. A fist in the face of one Kellogg was about to make the whole lousy evening worthwhile. Poised on the balls of his feet, he threw a ball right uppercut, swinging from the floor, putting all his weight behind the punch, striding forward with his right foot, following through — clear off the forgotten six inch step to the approach. He missed Kellogg by a good foot, landing chin first on the scoring rack.

The other's perspiring melon of a face disappeared, to be replaced by a myriad of dazzling ribbon-like fireworks. They descended in a splendid display — purples, oranges, deep reds; stars, pinwheels, water — water!

He came to gurgling on the floor of the locker room. Kellogg was gleefully wringing out a soppy towel over his face.

"Hey, Jackie, back with us, huh? Real spill you took there. Nasty knock on the nobbin, man. I mean, you're an awkward s.o.b., you don't mind my sayin' so. Two left feet or something?"

"I — I —"

"Shaddup. Talkin' won't help that ol' head. Tell you what, Jackie. Soon's you feel up to it, I'm goin' to take you to some little bar, buy you a tall cool one, and maybe stir up a couple breads. You need a little action,

man!"

"Listen . . ."

Kellogg held up a massive hand. "That's it, Jackie. I owe you something, man. I mean, you're a barrel of laughs, and I feel like maybe I took advantage of you. Ent, my god, you're an awkward s.o.b."

The pain in Burns' head was a throbbing horror, Kellogg's rasping voice an irritation supreme. But, as he droned on, it had an almost hypnotic effect, almost neutralizing the headache. He made one final effort to assert himself. "Kellogg," he struggled up to a sitting position. "Kellogg, I — I'm not going anywhere with . . ."

"Ah, bushwa! You can go dutch if ya wanna. C'mon. I got just the spot. Little dive. Lotsa atmosphere. Usually loaded with lonely dames. Hey, Jackie, them dames!"

He gestured with his hands and almost flattened Burns with a whack on the back. "Boy, but you'll be smilin' mañana, that's for sure. Leave your buggy here. We'll travel in mine!"

And, amazingly, he went. A case of "opposites attracting," he wondered? More like "contempt breeds familiarity." He chuckled at his own enticement. Kellogg chuckled in turn, and slapped his palm down on Burns' knee. "That's the ticket, buy. Laugh it up. You know it!"

Kellogg had been right in part. The place was must certainly a dive. Burns could tell it even from its outside aspects as Kellogg parked his car across the street.

"Le's go, man. Hulib-hubba!"

Burns hadn't heard anyone say "Hulib-hubba" since World War II, and hadn't eared a hell of a lot for the expression then. He shook his head resignedly, and followed the other into the place.

Accustoming his eyes to the darkness, he saw that Kellogg had been right again. Unattended ladies were much in prominence. Kellogg got a flat "F" on the atmosphere, however. The only atmosphere in this joint was furnished by the small amount of oxygen squeezed in between the layers of smoke and alcoholic fumes. He coughed and staggered into a booth beside Kellogg.

"Hey, Shorty," yelled Kellogg. "Coma stingers for me and my buddy."

He nudged Burns. "Call him Shorty because he's six foot five. He gets a big honk on it."

Shorty tugged up with the drinks.

He didn't look as though he got a big bunk out of much of anything.

"Two bucks," he announced flatly.

Kellogg mumbled through his pockets. "Damn it, only got a twenty. How's about gettin' this one, huddy-o? Get back at ya later."

Burns paid the tab, and in doing so gave up all pretense of struggling against his nemesis. He took a strong slug of the sick-street drink, choked, wiped away tears, and slapped Kellogg on the back. "Charlie, you old bird-dogger," he chorled. "Let's howl!"

"Atta baby," yelled Charlie. "Bring some girls!"

But nobody did. At least not right away. Kellogg, it seemed, was amusing less than popular with the regular female clients. The turn made up for the lack of feminine companionship with more Burns-bought stingers.

Things got foggy along about the seventh round. Somewhere in there the blonde had joined them, probably too drunk to be repulsed by the noxious Charlie.

Burns had brief memory flashes of rock-and-roll music blaring from a juke box, and a horrendous twist session which he seemed to recall as having wound up in a double somersault by both partners. A twinge in his shoulder reminded him that he almost certainly had been one of the participants. He shuddered. It had been a maelstrom of iron, smoke, dinghy white arms and legs, raucous laughter, and a stuck-record impression of Kellogg's voice repeating, "Just one more stinger, Jackie. Just one more stinger..."

Then there had been the feeling of cool air on his face; pavement moving under his feet; and a voice, it had to have been Kellogg's saying, "You two kids have a ball!"

He walked carefully down the apartment house stairs, wincing at every squeak from the foot-worn stairs. He hesitated as he reached the bottom, glancing at the front door undecidedly. Shaking his head, he hurried down the hall toward the rear exit.

Pushing open the unlocked back door, he stepped out, blinking as the sunshine lit his eyes. Now to get out of this damn part of town, he thought.

"Yoo hoo, lover!"

Burns cringed and looked up. A whetted, make-up streaked face,

tipped by a mop of blonde, stringy hair, peered out an open third story window.

"Like lover," the face said. "I figured you'd duck out the back way. Where's the hundred bucks your buddy said I get?"

"Buddy?"

"Yeah, lover, Buddy. You deal or something? Trundle back up here, huster, and look over. Or do I come in see you at home? Or your office you'd prefer maybe?"

He was frozen to the concrete.

"The hundred bucks, stad, Cmon. A deal's a deal. I got your earl, sweetie. An' I already found your name in the phone book!"

"Oh, hui!" he groaned. No words or rebuts coming to mind, he stood unhappily for a moment, then broke into a lumbering dash for the alley. Her high pitched giggle followed him as he ran, and he knew with a dreadful, absolute certainty that he would hear it again.

He crashed through a rickety gate into the unpaved alley, and stumbled through weeds and garbage toward the street. He'd be literally giggled out of house, family, job...

"Card!"

Putting on the brakes abruptly, he skidded to a stop in the alley dust. Hell, he never carried a calling card, a business card, any kind of card. What in heaven's name did the creature...?

He collapsed weakly against an unwhitewashed fence, gasping hysterically. "Wheeler, dealer, and family feeder," He beat his fists against the fence. "Up yours, you miserable punk. You will learn to stuff your stupid cards!"

Burns gulped several times, took a deep breath, and thought back carefully. No—he'd never given Kellogg his last name. He was certain of it. He grinned and rubbed his hands together.

Straightening up, he returned
(turn to 74)



In a typical issue of EROS you will find such diverse (and often abstruse) features as:

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These last nude photographs of Marilyn Monroe are without doubt the loveliest photographs ever taken of the most idolized woman of our time. So dazzling are they, in fact, that Miss Monroe—who saw them before she died—specifically instructed the photographer to be sure to see that they were published.

These photographs of Marilyn Monroe in the full flower of her beauty are a fitting memento of the woman who did so much to rid our nation of the baneful effects of puritanism. Obviously, these are the photographs by which Marilyn Monroe wanted to be remembered.

A portfolio of these handsome photographs—comprising perhaps the greatest photographic essay of our time—will appear as a special feature in the next issue of EROS. The portfolio, 24 pages long, consists of almost 50 photographic studies, many in glorious color, together with the full story of how these pictures came to be taken.

This photographic essay—a collector's item never again obtainable—will appear exclusively in EROS and will be seen by no one but EROS subscribers.

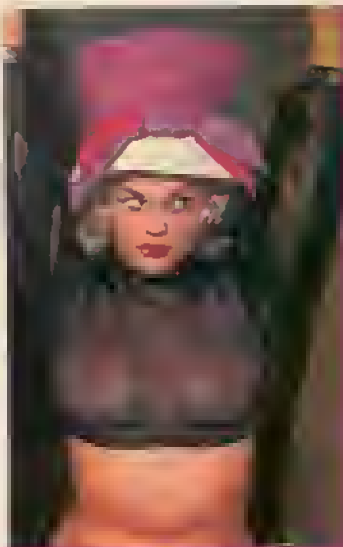
What is EROS? EROS represents this country's first attempt to produce a really worthy magazine on the ever-fascinating subjects of Love and Sex. Until now, these subjects have been relegated to cheap and tawdry periodicals.

In EROS, the talents of the world's most gifted writers, artists and photographers have been mustered and applied to a periodical of elegance and grace. Subjects which customarily have been sensationalized or degraded are handled in EROS with dignity and good taste.

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"I have never quite understood this sex symbol business, but if I'm going to be a symbol of something, I'd rather have it sex than some of the other things they've got symbols for."—Marilyn Monroe



**ADORABLE
DORENA**



When the call goes out in Los Angeles, "Get me Loren!" it's not always a movie mogul waving a contract for Sophia. More often than not, it's a photographer calling for the services of Dorena Loren, whom we introduce here.

Admittedly, Dorena has one thing — well, two things — in common with her namesake. But the resemblance ends there, Dorena being blonde and gray-eyed. Another difference, to Dorena's considerable regret, is that her name doesn't yet emblazon the movie marquee across the land.



But give her time. A former California state-wide beauty contest queen, she is now busily studying singing, dancing, dramatics and elocution, to add the necessary professional finesse to her sumptuous Nature-given attributes.

One of those rare birds, a native Angeleno, Dorena first sought her fortune as a nurse, then became a legal secretary, before winning the contest that raised her sights from the workaday world to the world of glamour and glitter. Now the stars in her eyes are the re-





flections of floodlights, footlights and Klieg lights.

Until that Someday when she clicks in motion pictures, Dorena continues to keep her name, face and figure before the public by posing for magazine and fashion photographers, artists, sculptors, and students in these various fields.

Beholding the face and figure she displays on these pages, one can only sigh, "Oh, to be in school again!"

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ORIGINALS
MOST SHOCKING
MOST INTIMATE

STAG STORIES



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WAS CAPTIVE TO SIX
WOMEN • DAY IN LIFE
OF A TRAVELING TAIS-
MAN • SHE STOODS TO
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FEARLESS JOE FORTY

(continued from page 42)

had enormous forearms. He'd been
pitching for Nebraska too.

"You're out of line, One-Pound,"
Joe said. "Get back in. You got no
stake here. Was he, Nebraska?"

Nebraska said nothing.
"Don't fool around," One-Pound
said.

"Take off, midget."
One-Pound's eyes turned flat. "I
ain't the size of a dog that counts," he
said softly. "It's the guts."

Joe's heart was beating so he could
feel it. He hadn't expected One-
Pound so serious, coming out in the
open like this. He didn't like the look
of One-Pound standing there, quiet,
stubborn, ugly. But Joe brought up
a grin. He removed his hand from
Nebraska's hip. He closed his hands
into fists. "Just drive your guts over
here, boy," he said lightly, mockingly.
"So I can tear 'em out."

"Cut!" yelled The Baron, with his
tender smile. He'd taken in the scene.
One-Pound gave Joe one last icy blue
look and walked away. "Chiere, Dad-
dy," The Baron said. "We need you."

Joe sauntered over. The machine-
talking group had questions to ask
him. It was one of Joe's moments of
respect. He knew machines, he'd had
more machine experience than any of
them. He was wise Joe Forty now,
Joe who knew all the answers. When
he talked about carburetors and ig-
nition and horsepower, they listened
simply, they admitted his longer ex-
perience.

HI-LIFE

After a few more motorcycles had
roared into the lot, The Baron an-
nounced the take-off. They went to
their machines and there was a tumult
of exploding engines. Girls took their
places on the rear seats, holding on
to the boys. Joe asked Nebraska to
ride with him, not expecting anything
since she never had, but to his warm
astonishment she said yes, dear-pan,
and mounted behind him. The feel of
her hands around his waist made his
belly tingle; the squashing breasts
against his back was sheer mink. That
was another of Joe's furtive facts, he'd
gone this much of a lifetime without
even having had anything as good as
Nebraska, no matter his talk.

Two by two the machines wheeled
off the lot onto the boulevard, in usual
formation. The Baron and Frosty
leading, Joe Forty and One-Pound
next, the others coming after. South-
ward along the coast the formation
roared, under the pastel blue sky, un-
der the California sun which glinted
off their machines; turning the warm
lazy air astrident with speed, de-
manding their own private space in
the midst of the traffic, drawing eyes
by the thousands, eyes which held
surprise, admiration, respect, awe,
fear, interest, amusement, envy, tol-
erance, annoyance, disgust, contempt,
resentment; drawing shouts, squeals
from flirtatious girls.

The Vista Del Mar flowed back-
wards underneath their wheels. Ven-
ice, El Segundo, Manhattan Beach
(turn to page 64)



"We were on our honeymoon when the ship went down."

HI-LIFE



BEYOND

**Untamed, untauchable
East German youths
run wild and wicked . . .**

MEN'S EXPOSE

Juvenile delinquency is on the rise in Germany, as elsewhere in the world. In "democratic" West Germany, the teenagers like to make political pests of themselves with such racist and religious offenses as painting swastikas on synagogues and toppling tombstones. But on the other side of the Berlin wall, in Communist East Germany, the youngsters are more brutal and direct — preferring such childish pranks as rape and rumbles.

Here, the Hi-Life cameras go along for a night in the life of one particular gang of black-leather-jacketed young punks who call themselves the Halbe Stark (the Half-Wits). Few of them can afford the motorcycles that are the status symbols of their American counterparts, but in all the other paraphernalia — switchblades, zip guns, bicycle chains — they are well equipped and wickedly proficient.

Just as their fathers were fanatically devoted to Hitler, twenty years ago, so are the young thugs of this new generation worshipful of their gang leader — called the Caid — the toughest and meanest of the clique. The Caid wears a distinguishing helmet, indicative of his authority, with the chin strap tucked under his lower lip in the old Prussian manner. His word is law in the gang, and any sycophant member who wants to make points with him will willingly lend the Caid his girlfriend for a night.

A typical evening starts for the Halbe Stark with a visit to the Luna Amusement Park on the Marx-Engels-Platz. A wild, whirling ride on "The Devil's Wheel" or "The Sputnik" stirs up their blood for

THE BERLIN WALL

action. This may include picking a fight with a rival gang, or picking up a girl — by force, if necessary.

From there, they move on to a favorite Braubaus, perhaps playfully pushing over a few cars on the way. Then, to the jukebox jangle of smuggled-in American rock'n'roll records, or the roundtable singing of Party anthems, there's a great chug, a hugging of beer and — again — sudden fights and unlimited petting with the gang girls.





The good burghers of East Germany deplore the vicious antics of youth gangs like the Halbe Stark, but they dare do little to discourage them. The Communist leaders look with indulgence on these budding gangsters. The Communist world will have good use for such self-trained and hardened thugs, in another kind of uniform, when the time comes to start another blockade of Berlin, or rape of Hungary . . . or World War III . . .



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By HARRY LORATNE

Let me explain! I don't say how poorly organized your mental power is today—how difficult it is for you to concentrate... how bad your memory may be... how much a prisoner you are of slipping mind & but... how long it takes you to get morning to get your mind going with shuffling-mad, tired and irritated!

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Simply because you don't know the right way to feed your mind focus, focus and focus and focus—in they burn themselves into that mind to such phenomena that you remain out of focus forever!

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The Very First Hour After
You Pick Up This Book,
You Will Perform
A Feat Of Mind Power
That Will Astound
Your Friends!

What you are going to do in that first hour you receive the book, is to turn to page 164. Read the short poem—no more! And then, put down the book. Rewrite in your own mind the one simple secret I've given you—how to feed facts into your mind to last day after day—permanently—as long as you wish!

Then put this simple trick to work for you—just very soon! You'll call in your family or friends. Ask them to meet a list of 10 WILL LIVE! Learn, name of object they wish, as late as they wish. Have them write down the list to they won't forget it! But, as they give you the list, YOU are going to perform a simple mental trick on that list, that will have it flow your mind, IN A DIRECT ORDER, as long as you wish!

And this—INSTANTLY AND AUTOMATICALLY—you're going to repeat that list, backwards and forwards, in perfect order, exactly as it was written that list in your mind's hand. And you're going to be one of the most astonishing moments of your life, as you watch the repetition on those people's faces as you read off those facts as though they were flashing on a screen on the inside of your mind!

Tell them! Yes! But also out of the most profitable secret you will ever learn, to that list of twelve facts as you read it out as an appointment for a date—just a date appointment. Making automatically into your mind at just the right time and place that you need it! Or a shopping list—or a list of things to do at a party—of a sales presentation or the highlight of a business article—or a list of things that have to be done in perfect order!

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(continued from page 58)

SEX GUIDES



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Hermosa Beach, Redondo Beach flowed behind. They let out on Palos Verdes Drive, hitting it up among the hills. They thronged down some passing into Wilmington and in the Long Beach area. The Baron turned his machine into a quiet side street, and chain-like the other machines followed. They racketed up and down residential streets now, twisting among older stucco Spanish-type homes, among newer ranch-types, blessing past the serene palm trees, entering up whole neighborhoods, bringing disapproving and outraged lazes to windrows and sidewalks. Joe Forty liked this little exercise. Let the solid citizens beware: Joe Forty was rampaging with his pals.

Suddenly The Baron let out a whoop and mounted a driveway, headed down a long empty stretch of sidewalk. Every machine followed, thundering down the sidewalk, flashing past the houses and helges. The Baron began to play; they jumped curbs back into the street, then again up driveways to the sidewalk, crisscrossing from one side of the street to the other. People came out on stoops or shrank back against their homes, aghast. Joe participated with a joy mixed with uneasiness. This could mean the cops. What was with The Baron today? Why was he flying so high?

But it only went for a few blocks before The Baron swung off and back to a main drag and they streamed away, out of the neighborhood and back down to the coast. They came to a drive-in. The Light-House, looking out upon the ocean, and they pointed into its parking area. Heads turned, customers in cars and at the counter stared. The girl car-hops and the rest of the staff looked somewhat worried. The machine riders dismounted, they strutted about the gravel, they crowded around the counter.

There was a fellow and his girl waiting for service in front of Joe. Joe moved in, shouldering the fellow aside, hard. He was a big guy with puffy cheeks, and he had a girl to look good for. He was ready to ewing; his eyes were small in rage; his face was red. A mean sight to flow alone, but Joe wasn't alone. "Baw, creep," Joe said, tough and dangerous. The guy looked at Joe, he looked at Dirty, at Bird-Brain, at Mocha, at Fly-Wheel, who were

watching him too. dead-pun. The guy took the girl's arm, hurried to his car, hung-up, busted, shamed before his girl, followed by snickers, drove off. Feeling good, Joe bugged the counter girls along with the rest, picked up a load of hamburgers and french-fries and a couple of shakes, toted it over to Nebraska. She was waiting alone at a redwood bench and table on the edge of the drive-in, where the land began to slope down towards the ocean. Hungry, they chewed their chow in silence for a while. Joe caught One-Mund watching them broodingly from over where most of the others were gathered. Joe was feeling good, oh, good.

"He's beautiful, isn't he?" Nebraska said.

"Fluh?" Joe said, and following her glance saw that she'd been watching The Baron who, with libe grace, was carrying a tray, smiling his tender smile. And suddenly Joe had a low-lum instant.

But then Nebraska said, "He's a bastard. He's a lousy bastard, don't you think so?"

Joe's low-down instant rebounded. "Oh, I don't know."

"He's a bastard," Nebraska said in a flat voice.

They ate on. They watched the waves breaking against some rocks out a ways. The spray sailed into the air with white violence, rising, opening like a white umbrella, showered running foam back into their line. "You wonder sometimes," Nebraska said, her voice low, groping, groping for someone, groping for Joe. "You wonder what it's all about. It's all so beautiful and then it's all so bitchy."

"Yeah," Joe said. He looked at Nebraska. She was close, she was lovely, cruel lovely, she was touching him. At that moment, he loved her, loved her erect and unselfish. "Red," Joe said softly. "Red. Oh, Red."

Their eyes met, dreamed, smiled, cried. The spray soared, "Joe," Nebraska said. "It's all still and nice."

"Yeah," Joe said. Helplessly, hungrily, his fingers went to a loosely swelling breast, clutched.

A moment split. She struck his hand off. "Is that all you can think about, you jerk?" she said.

... To saddle again. The machines roared, left The Lighthouse in formation, following The Baron. In the waning afternoon, they sped along the coast. Fast, fast, faster they roared and the wind tore at them

and the country flew past and the engines made one long snarling. There was a wild mood coming, and it was coming from the Baron and it was latching upon all their souls. Joe left Nebraska's hands tightening and heard her laughing in his ear.

The Baron's machine swerved from the road onto the shoulder, slid on gravel, flung off a shower of it, curved back onto the hard surface. The machines, single file, all followed suit, flinging gravel, skidding on gravel, coming back. Overtaking traffic, they followed The Baron in slicing through it, cutting in and out, heeling. When the traffic got too thick, The Baron crossed the line into the oncoming lane, rushing an approaching car. The average mickie-mouse was bound to chicken out, and this one did. The oncoming car angled off the road in fright, veering into a field. Cars behind it stalled over. The roaring machines hopped through the hole,

around the traffic and back into lane, road clear ahead for a while.

Joe felt the uneasiness again. Nebraska was laughing. The Baron was crazy today.

An underpass was coming. Deliberately, The Baron cut back again into the opposing lane. Even as Joe did the same, with the others, oily fear slid in his veins. This was following the hearse, this was crowding luck out the door. Crazy, crazy. Did The Baron know what he was doing? Russian roulette was tiddlywinks compared to this. It was an underpass divided by a concrete wall. Once in it, there was no getting back in lane. It was a descending, curving underpass, and there was no sight of the other end. If oncoming traffic was entering or approaching the underpass now, they would meet head on. At this speed there could be no stopping, there would be one crashing pile-up, and they'd all be dead.

They were in the underpass. The walls were flashing past, multiplying their thunder. The two machines ahead of Joe climbed now, moved, still rushed on, and then there was daylight and the oncoming cars were far enough away to avoid.

They'd made it, and Joe's mood flipped. He exulted. He'd paid his dues, now he could wolf. Bow down before Joe Forty and his gang; walk humble in their presence. They had guts.

From here, The Baron eased down and popping nerves began to level: the high spot was behind. Soon, true, The Baron led them over a narrow plank across a ditch, but this was jelly compared to mashing down towards unseen life or death, Fate's decision, odds on death.

They came to an empty beach, turned off and parked their machines. They settled themselves about the bank or strolled idly along the beach, talking, cursing, laughing softly, lighting cigarettes. The light was dimming. Boys and girls were turning in each other. The surf beat a soft drum. The evening time of longer, deeper kicks was coming.

Joe Forty led Nebraska by the hand to a spot along the bank. She was tractable now, indifferent still but pliant. Her eyes held no thoughts. Joe pulled her down and sitting, found her waist. A pang of terrified wanting coursed within him, slowly, slowly, and he might yet ride. Ah, Nebraska, to ride warm, soft, rapid together, to ride to the land of the great jump-off and fall thrashing through the night . . . together.

From where he sat, alone, The Baron spoke. He spoke gently, tender as always, truthfully he shook them all up with what had been in his mind this day. "I'm wrapping it up," he announced. "I'm through with the machines. I made this last a good one and now I'm through. For why? I'm getting married, nobody you know, but it's the grown-up bit for me from now on. I'm getting too old to play. It's been fun, but I'm pulling out . . ."

The talk came crowding then, and the arguing, but The Baron just smiled. Nobody could really argue with The Baron. And out of the talk came another statement from Goober and a mumbling from Mocha. They'd been thinking the same way; getting too old, didn't like to break anything up, but now that The Baron had

(turn over)



"I used to work in an office, but my doctor advised me to get an outside job."

started it . . . sooner or later, the way was laid for most guys.

Joe Forty felt depressed. He'd been through this before. How many gangs had he seen break apart? He hadn't runned his gangs, but none of them lasted; years passed and the bright edge wore dull, age and caution came, the aims shifted, the girl-friends became wives, wanted homes, security, children came . . . No, the machine boys never lasted forever. Only Joe Forty lasted forever, wife or no, only Joe Forty was always twenty years old, always ready to ride and roam, daimeless and dangerous.

He hadn't expected this one to start cracking so soon. Oh, it might go for a few months yet, but it was cracking. He knew the signs . . . Sooner or later he'd have to make it in with another younger gang . . .

"The bastard," Nebraska said, looking at The Baron, and fell heavily against Joe. Joe hugged her and she made no move. Joe put a hand under a breast and raised the soft weight gently. She only leaned more against him, as though nearing now to use the brakes. Joe's belly flopped. It could be.

Someone walked onto into the said and faced the bank. It was One Pound. "Joe Forty." One-Pound called. "Joe Forty. Come on." The light was dimming, but it was not yet twilight. All could see the knife with the long blade that One-Pound held. It was a showdown.

Joe's throat gave a throb. He didn't move. He waited. The Baron was sure to yell, "Cut," and break it up. But The Baron said nothing. Joe Forty was waiting longer than was polite. Silence waited, and Joe knew that they were all ready for the show, The Baron too, that there was no help but in his own hands . . .

"Joe Forty." One-Pound called. "Come on. Or are you chicken?"

Joe stood up. He messaged a dangerous, reckless grin to his face, but it arrived there a sick grimace. He took out his knife and opened it. Slowly, he stepped onto the sand, holding the gang.

One-Pound waited. One-Pound was small and slim, like a child against Joe Forty. But he stood like a spring ready to whir. His forearms looked huge, huge with every step of Joe's. His blue eyes were frozen on Joe.

There was nothing in those eyes, no fear, no retreat, only Joe the target.

It was like walking up to a cobra. Joe was sick with each step. A bag of fear was inflating under his diaphragm. Could a man of forty strike as fast as a youngster? Joe was aging, Joe was afraid. It is one thing to ride the wind, protected by seasoned skill, by companions; it is another to face deadly steel wielded in hate. He had no guts for this.

Yet, there was a pull to light. Nebraska, Nebraska, you are love, you are woman. Plunge in and meet the steel, Joe Forty, and she can yet be yours.

Joe Forty stopped a few feet from One-Pound. He closed his knife. "I . . . ain't fighting," he said in an unsteady voice. He turned and walked away through a terrible silence, knowing that among all the despising eyes were the eyes of Nebraska, Joe Forty kept going, to his machine, never coming back. "The old bastard's chicken," someone said in requiem.

Joe rode away on his machine. It hurt, but he'd been hurt before. It always dulled. But, good-bye, Nebraska.

The sunset blazed in the sky, in vast pink sheets of varied shades, in rolling pearl gray, in red furls and orange blushes. Joe rode in beauty that was pain.

Joe Forty rode homeward, toward his grubby apartment and his tibby wife, his sulky ten-year-old son, his laundry route, his hours of assorting other people's soiled things, his days and nights of petty bickering and repetitions; he rode toward the new gang of machine riders he would soon find — and those to follow — toward the dwindling years, toward the time when he would only be capable of sitting in the park or hanging over a bar recounting, to those who would listen, brave exploits to prove himself a man among men.

Joe Forty rode on, a lanky, slouching man, with a narrow face that was growing many line wrinkles on the forehead, jowls on its jaws, dents under the eyes. Age was marking him early. He rode on, following like all the world the path to decline and extinction, but in all his weakness seeking somehow the divine fire in the human soul; and seeking what all men seek, in the only way he knew how, eternal youth.



"Beg pardon, sir, but isn't it past our bedtime?"

CAPTAIN JOHN'S WIDOW

(continued from page 9)

the whole story just as it happened. There's been too much loose talk about it.

Man and boy, Captain John was at sea for fifty years. He was made Master of the old S.S. Sadie Jones in the first World War, and everybody called him "Captain" after that. But, like all the rest of us, he spent the depression years in any berth he could find. The situation changed when Europe began to prepare for World War II. The Jones Steamship Company put the old Sadie Jones back in service with Captain John as her Master. He was riding the high tide of his fortunes then. As Master again of a ship at sea, he was a man of authority, respected in our community.

Maybe it went to his head. He'd been a bachelor for sixty years, because he could never support a wife. Now he decided to get married. All the girls he had known were already splined or dead by then, and he didn't have the foggiest notion how to meet new ones. So he married a girl he'd

met in a bordello in Santo Carlos, a little port in one of those banana countries in Central America.

Her name was Rosa Crnz, and she was one of the girls in Madame Isadora's Black Cat. The scrawniest, raggediest little whore in the place — we used to wonder why Madame Isadora kept her. The Black Cat usually gets a pretty good-looking bunch of girls. There isn't anything else for a woman to do in Santo Carlos. The Black Cat is always full of sailors, though, and Rosa got enough of the business to make out.

The wedding was the biggest thing that had happened in Santo Carlos since Columbus made landfall. The mayor performed the civil ceremony in the city hall, but there was a church wedding, too. It was held at the Black Cat; probably the first time a churchman had ever stepped inside the door. The girls looked uncomfortable dressed as bridesmaids, but they took it very seriously, and the ceremony went off without a hitch. Madame Isadora sniffled and blubbered just like a bride's mother would. Everybody in Santo Carlos was invited to the reception, and just about every-

body came. Captain John had laid on enough food and liquor to keep the party going full blast until the next morning. It was a real whirling of a fiesta and the town was abnormally quiet for days after, while the guests recovered from it.

The Immigration people don't allow whores to enter the United States, but Rosa's dossier at the police station had mysteriously disappeared, and the police had developed the strangest loss of memory. None of them could recall having ever heard of her. Captain John also produced a sheaf of affidavits from the most prominent officials of Santo Carlos. According to them, Rosa was the sheltered daughter of an aristocratic old family. That's not too far from the truth; in Santo Carlos an aristocrat is a person who wears shoes. It must have cost a fortune, but Captain John had no trouble in bringing his bride to Tampa, where he installed her in a big house down by the bayshore.

Morally, it didn't bother his friends much. We were used to associating with women like Rosa. Who else will be civil to a strange sailor in a foreign port? As a practical matter, though, we figured that Captain John had bought himself a peek of trouble.

A few weeks after the wedding, I got back to Tampa and ran into Knives Petten and Chips Delaney in Sandy's Bar. They had heard the story — it was all over the coast by then — and we all agreed that Captain John had gone daft in his old age. As luck would have it, Captain John came in just then and sat down with us. We began to rag him about it, but we couldn't get his goat.

"Mates," he said, "There aren't six sailors in this town who can put to sea and be sure that their wives aren't shacking up before they're out of Tampa Bay. But I can. Rosa's had more than enough of that already. She won't play around while I'm gone."

Knives had been drinking anisette punch. It makes him nasty.

"That's a hell of an argument, Cap'n. Every seaman in Tampa has plenty of opportunity to make her — and a lot have."

It was what we'd been thinking, but we were embarrassed when Knives said it. Captain John was always fond of Knives — treated him like a son and helped him a lot. Knives shouldn't have said it.

Captain John didn't seem to mind, though. (turn over)



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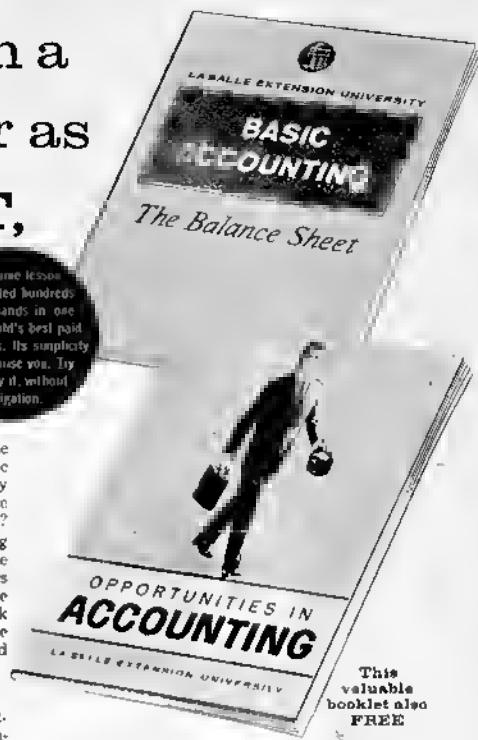
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THE LAST LAUGH

(continued from page 51)

through the open gate, and retraced
his footsteps across the strip of con-
crete that served the apartment house
as a back yard.

Legs spread apart, and arms
crossed on chest, he faced her window
and yelled, "Her, blonde. Let's you
and ol' Charlie have a little chat, you
ol' slut you."

Her face appeared again, enraged
now.

"Hi, entie. Lissen, you think you
got ol' Charlie Kellogg — that's K-E-
double-L-O-double-G—over a barrel,
think again. Just try dunnin' me for
that hundred, baby. Just try!"

"You bet your sweet kaloot I will,"
she screamed. "Damned welshing son
of a . . ."

Heads poked indignantly out of
windows above and below.

"Shame!"

"Shauld up, ya dizep broad. 'Sndy
sixa clock!"

"Knock it off!"

Her neighbors' displeasure failed to
dumb her.

"Go jump, ya bunch of lousyhodies.
As for you, Clyde . . ."

"Charlie," he said politely, "Char-
lie Kellogg."

"Charlie, Shmanlie. Just you wait,
cruthless. Just — you — wait!"

"I'll be waitin', him." Burns smiled.
"You just call ol' Charlie any time.
Any time at all!"

He doffed his hat, bowed, then
walked back into the apartment house.
On his way in the front entrance, he
pinched a shabby, bathroom-bound fe-
male dweller on the behind.

"Charlie Kellogg, huh," he re-
torted to her horrified, indignant look.
"Cut up 'n see me some time. Blonkie
up on three'll fill you in with vital
statistics, addresses and such!"

Slamming on the front door, he
deliberately upended a bucket of
water with which the building janitor
was mopping the steps. "Just a lil'
practical joker, Dad," he assumed the
red-faced old man. "Kellogg's the
name. Ol' Charlie Kellogg. Anything
goes, friend A-n-y-thing. Right?"

Whistling cheerfully, he strode
toward the bus stop at the end of the
block.

"Good old Charlie," he said. "You
poor, pickled patootie!"





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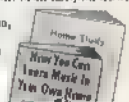
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